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A Wonderful Life.

Just twenty-five years ago, on June 27, 1880, there was born in Tuscumbia, Alabama, a baby girl whose career for the past eighteen years has been watched by an ever-widening circle of friends and admirers. And why? Not because of her brilliant physical endowments, but rather from the lack of them and from the marvellous way in which the spirit within has triumphed over the limitations of the body and has achieved with all the handicap what many another, with fully equipped physique, has failed to attain.

Blind, deaf and consequently dumb from the age of eighteen months, the afflicted little one was cut off from all communication with the world until six years of age. Then, after seven weeks of patient, unremitting effort, Miss Annie M. Sullivan succeeded in opening intelligent intercourse with her through the sense of touch. From that time forward her progress was rapid. She learned to communicate with others through the sign language, interpreting their signs by holding the hand. At once she learned to read and write, and at eight could write a letter that would have done credit to an older child with all its faculties.

Later she learned articulation, so that now she can speak fluently and naturally. She also learned to interpret the speech of others, by placing one finger on the lip and the other on the throat over the larynx.

After steadily pursuing her studies, under the constant guidance primarily of her beloved teacher Miss Sullivan, who has been her inseparable companion at whatever school she might be, she entered Radcliffe College, Cambridge, Mass. There after only two years more than ordinary girls take for their course, she obtained her degree of Bachelor of Arts, with distinction. She not infrequently contributes articles to well-known periodicals, and has published a story of her life that is of deepest interest.

When taken to 'see' art galleries, the collectors of sculpture are examined most thoroughly by her magic fingertips. Ready hands place ladders where she can reach all points of the figure she may be examining, and the flush of pleasure suffuses that expressive face as she exclaims, 'How beautiful, how beautiful it is?'

The triumph through the sense of touch over the greatest difficulties is well expressed in some lines by Florence E. Coates, in an Exchange, dedicated to Miss Keller:—

Life has its limitations manifold:
All life; not only that which throbs in thee,
And strains its fetters, eager to be free.
The faultless eye may not thy vision hold—
Maiden, whose brow with thought is aureoled—
And they who hear may lack the ministry,
The august influence of Silence, she
Who brooded o'er the void in ages old.
Prisoner of the dark, inaudible—
Light, which the night itself could not eclipse,
Thou shinest forth Man's being to reveal.
We learn with awe from thine apocalypse
That nothing can the human spirit quell,
And know him lord of all things, who can feel!

HELEN ADAMS KELLER

(Alice S. Hallam, in 'Frank Leslie's Monthly.')

For thee the outer world is dark,
Without a dawn or morning lark;
For thee, the inner world is bright —
An endless day of perfect light.

Thou canst not hear the beat of waves,
Nor see the mead the brooklet laves;
But, echoed in the verse of men,
Thou hearest voice of sea and glen.

No shade envelopes sculptured art,
Thy hand interprets to thy heart;
Although no painting thou canst see,
The soul of beauty lives in thee.

The tones of music, sweet and clear,
'Tis true that thou canst never hear;
But deep within thy soul doth lie
The sense of all things that are high.

But if this record of triumph is one that draws all hearts towards her who has attained it, what of the patient, faithful teacher through whose loving ministrations it was made possible? Miss Sullivan's life stands out as one of the greatest examples of self-sacrifice, heroism and devotion that the world has known.

When the announcement was made that Miss Sullivan was to be married to a gentleman whose interests had followed lines somewhat similar to her own, it came out that Miss Sullivan would not consent to the engagement till she had ascertained that Helen's entire sympathy would be with her in the matter, and that her old pupil would still remain with her life-long teacher-friend as a member of the new home.

Miss Keller has only just completed the years of girlhood. The fruitful years of maturity are still to come, in which she will, without doubt, fulfil amply the promise of her early career.

'Keep the soil of life soft, its sympathy tender, its imagination free, or else you may lose the elementary quality of receptiveness, and all the influences of God may be in vain. —F. G. Peabody.

A Prediction Verified.

(G. C. Vyse, Bilaria, Rajputana, India, in the 'C. M. Gleaner.')

A few years ago there stood on a little hill in the midst of the village of Lusaria a small hut, above which waved a white flag, denoting it to be the dwelling of some holy man. Here lived Surmal Das (i.e., pure-hearted servant), the guru, or teacher, of the Bhils, who was looked up to by all the countryside as a being worthy of reverence, almost of worship. Before his death many of his disciples gathered round the old man and asked him, 'Whom ought we to worship?—Ram, Krishna, etc.?' He answered, 'No, after my death you will worship a God with a new name, which shall be told you from a book. This book shall be offered free, and my religion, Brahmanism, and other religions shall vanish, and this one new religion shall spread throughout the land. But, alas! many of my followers will not accept this religion until it is too late. Then they shall seek to purchase it for money, but shall not be able. This place on which we are now sitting shall become a place of worship—God's ground.' On being asked when this should take place he replied,

'When a certain tank near by shall be repaired.' This tank was repaired during the famine of 1902.

Several years have passed, during which famine and sickness have ravaged Bhil-land, cutting off one-third of the population, and reducing the survivors to poverty and destitution. But in the very midst of the darkness God had caused his light to arise, and sorrow and trouble have been his chosen messengers to bring these simple people to himself. The teaching received during famine time fell on fruitful soil, and now in Lusaria there are 150 baptized Christians, where three years ago heathen darkness reigned in the hearts of the people. For some time past the little band of Christians has been holding services in the schoolroom, but the desire for a house especially dedicated to the worship of God has been steadily growing. In January a committee was formed of the leading Bhil Christians; it was agreed that the Christians themselves should build the church as far as possible without outside aid, and the site selected was the place of which it had been foretold by the old guru that it would become God's ground.

The work has gone steadily forward, men, women, and children all doing their share in erecting the mud walls of the new church. About the middle of May the walls were completed. Then arose the difficulty of providing wood for the roof, which was solved by the Maharajah of Idar, who on being told of the need, kindly consented to allow as much wood as was required to be taken from an old teak forest near by. The Christians had cheerfully and willingly given their time and labor, but to provide funds to buy wood would have been an impossibility to a community impoverished by famine. In this case the willing mind was accepted, and God himself provided what was beyond the power of his people to give.

For some weeks the heavy clouds had been very threatening, and many dreaded that the rain would come before the church was roofed in, which would mean great damage to the walls. So the Christians roused themselves to a final effort. A general invitation was issued that on a certain day whoever would join in tiling the roof would receive food in return for labor. On the specified day the church building and compound was literally swarming with workers. The orphan children carried baskets of tiles on their heads, the carpenters were busily laying on the bamboos, and over the bamboo work many hands were swiftly handing up and placing the tiles. It would be difficult to give an idea of the happy spirit that prevailed as the people toiled all through the long hot day until darkness rendered further effort impossible.

Bottle, Well, River.

It has been suggested that these three words quite aptly designate three classes of Christians. There are those who seem to have but 'a bottle of water,' such as Abraham gave to Hagar when she wandered in the wilderness and was much distressed. There are those whose eyes have been opened to see the 'well of water,' and in whom the water has 'become,' as Christ says, 'a well springing up.' Happy they who possess this unfailing fountain to supply their needs! But there is yet something more, even that which shall overpass all local bounds, and bear forth gladness far and wide, refreshing, vivifying, fructifying. For Jesus says again that from the believer 'shall flow rivers of living water,' by which he referred to the Spirit when in his largest, fullest abundance he has taken the most complete possession of the soul. The Spirit-filled life will speedily make itself felt. The important question is, how far our family, our neighborhood, our church, are being refreshed by us. Where are the 'rivers of living water' that we should be giving forth?—'Zion's Herald.'

For the Labrador Hospital.

HELP TO STOCK THE LARDER.

The culinary department of even a modest household in this country can engulf an astonishing amount of supplies in the course of a year, as any housekeeper knows full well—this, too, considering only things that are not luxuries, but merely necessities or at most the ordinary comforts of life. It will readily be understood that for the three hospitals, Battle Harbor, Indian Harbor and St. Anthony's, maintained by the Deep Sea Mission, under Dr. Grenfell's care, large supplies are necessary, while the new hospital to be erected shortly, it is hoped, on the Canadian Labrador coast, will call for still more foodstuff. The policy of the mission is not to furnish such dainties to the patients during their stay in the hospitals as will make their plainer fare distasteful to them on their return home; the administration is too far-seeing and knows too well the conditions of the country to make such a mistake as that. But they can put to good use some of the simple luxuries with which our home tables are so generously supplied.

The fruit season is just opening up. Already the old favorite rhubarb is in condition for preserving; strawberries and other fruits will quickly follow in their turn. Why could not the skilful housewives who are putting up fruit for their own winter use make a couple of jars of each kind for the Labrador work?

It would need to be specially made, of course. The ordinary canned fruits put up in their syrup, which are so delicious on the home table, would be of doubtful value. In the first place they would take up a great deal of space in proportion to quantity of actual food contained in them. Again, the shaking to which they would surely be exposed would be likely to start fermentation; further, the contents might freeze during the fall journey or when lying up in some warehouse waiting for further transport, in which case the jars would burst and the contents be eventually lost; then, too, even with a crack in the glass caused by a knock, the thin syrup would escape; and, lastly, arrived at the hospital the whole jar must be used up at once or the fruit would spoil.

All the considerations, then, are in favor of the good, old-fashioned, thick, pound-for-pound jam our grandmothers used to make; and since acid fruits, such as the cranberry, partridge berry, bake-apple and others like them, are found plentifully in Labrador, the sweet preserve will be just the thing to supplement them.

Jellies, of course, of all kinds would be acceptable additions, not being open to any of the objections quoted against canned fruits; so would the marmalade and fruit butters.

Friends wishing to send a small box of these things should make them early as the summer fruits come in, not depending too much on the late September supply. The last two months of the navigation season are very busy ones for steamers sailing from Montreal, and while arrangements are generously made for the autumn carrying of a limited amount of this special supply for Labrador, it would make matters much easier all round to send as early as possible. Indeed, it might be quite impossible to give any space in the last few boats, and it would be very disappointing to have one's box lie over in Montreal for the winter, all because of a three weeks' delay in packing and despatching the results of the summer work.

The box would need to be strong and not too large. A binding round the edges of thin hoop iron or of heavy wire secured by staples would mean added strength with very little added weight, while stout rope handles would facilitate lifting and moving about. It should be marked like the barrels, 'Dr. Grenfell, Deep Sea Mission, Labrador,' the address painted or stencilled on. The box should be consigned to the Black Diamond Steamship Co., Montreal, with all charges fully prepaid up to this port. The same care should be taken to enclose a list of contents with name and address of donor, that the gift may in due time be acknowledged.

An English Rural Sunday.

'Those who are in the habit of remarking such matters must have noticed the passive quiet of an English landscape on Sunday. The clacking of the mill, the stroke of the flail, the din of the blacksmith's hammer, the whistle of the ploughman, the rattling of the cart, and all other sounds of rural labor are suspended. The very farm dogs bark less frequently, being less disturbed by passing travellers. At such times I have almost fancied the wind sunk into blue haze, enjoyed the hallowed calm. Well was it ordained that the day of devotion should be a day of rest. The holy repose which reigns over the face of nature has its moral influence; every restless passion is charmed down and we feel the natural religion of the soul gently springing up within us. For my part, there are feelings that visit me, in a country church, amid the beautiful serenity of nature, which I experience nowhere else.'—Washington Irving.

Acknowledgments.

FOR THE LABRADOR MISSION.

Mrs. H. R. H., Oakville. Ont., $1; H. M. Vail, West Brown, $2.28; Mrs. I. J. Miredith, $5; Mr. Geo. Ainslie, $1, Bruce Jeffrey, $1, Mrs. H. P. Jeffrey, Blytheswood, $2; A Carman Friend, Carman, $1; A Denver Friend, $1; Mrs. Jno. Baigent, Thamesford, $1; G. H. Ronald, Minesing, Ont., $5; Mrs. J. Burge, Seamo, Ont., $1; L. Wishart, 50c, Georgie Wishart, Renfrew, 50c; Mrs. W. B. Eady, Renfrew, $2; St. Michael's S.S., Allansville, $1.57; Friends of the Cause, Huntsville, 68c; Frank and Hugh, St. Martins, N.B., $1; Katie Martin, Lennoxville, $1; Mrs. G. R. Stewart, Campden, $5; Ivan Turner, Appleton, $1; A Friend, Stanstead, $1; M. W. Laidlaw, $1; Mrs. I. W. Simpson, Milton Grove, $1; A Friend of Missions, East Advocate, $1.50; A Reader of 'Messenger,' Winnipeg, $2; C. M. A., Cornwall, $2; P. C. A., Kingsport, N.S., $5; T. H. Payne and Wife, $3; Widow, Montreal, $1; Mrs. R. H. M. Brown, $5; Mrs. Hosmer, Montreal, $50; Mrs. Bigelow, for support of cot for one year, $50; Kagawong Epworth League, Kagawong, $1.05; W. H. McIlween, $1; Rockspring Methodist S.S., $2; Hattie A. Johnston, $1; total, $162.08.

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BOYS AND GIRLS

A Mother's Love.

Some day,
When others braid your thick brown hair,
And drape your form in silk and lace,
When others call you 'dear' and 'fair,'
And hold your hands and kiss your face,
You'll not forget that far above
All other is a mother's love.

Some day,
When you must feel love's heavy loss,
You will remember other years,
When I, too, bent beneath the cross,
And mix my memory with thy tears,
In such dark hours be not afraid,
Within their shadow I have prayed.

Some day,
A flower, a song, a word may be
A link between us strong and sweet;
Ah, then, dear child, remember me!
And let your heart to 'mother' beat,
My love is with you everywhere,
You can not get beyond my prayer.

Some day,
At longest, it cannot be long,
I shall with glad impatience wait,
Amid the glory and the song,
For you before the Golden Gate,
After earth's parting and earth's pain,
Never to part! Never again!

—Selected.

The Home Going of Jessie Ellerton.

A TRUE STORY.

(Mary Hoge Wardlaw, in the 'Christian Observer.')

They had reached the end of the lane leading from the Ellertons' shabby little abode and their car was in sight before either of them uttered a word. Mr. Cary was the first to speak.

'If something isn't done for that poor woman, and done soon,' said he, 'she will scarcely live to get home.'

'"Hame," you mean,' corrected his wife, in an unsteady voice. 'Did you ever hear anything more pathetic than the way she says it? I am sure I saw you whisk away a tear when she said, in those heartfelt Scotch tones of hers, "I'm just wearying for hame."'

'She has wearied too long,' replied the missionary. 'We must find out what is to be done, and set about it at once.'

In those days—twenty years ago—the city of F. contained so few English-speaking residents who might assist in benevolent enterprises that the project of transporting a family from one hemisphere to another struck Mrs. Cary as a most stupendous undertaking. Nothing more was said at the time, however, for their car met them at the corner, and they rolled homeward, silently pondering over ways and means.

A bonny, tidy, happy-hearted young woman was Jessie Ellerton, when she and her 'man' Stephen, with little Polly and baby Steenie began life, three years before, in this prosperous Brazilian capital. He had a respectable position in the gas works, with a fair prospect of promotion. Jessie was a 'thrifty body,' energetic, industrious and contented.

Their rather unpromising dwelling near the beach soon took on the indescribable charm of home. Her clever fingers worked wonders with a few odd yards of flowered cretonne, bits of silk or velvet, remnants of white muslin. The bright draperies, comfortable cushions and home-made rugs, her snowy table-covers and 'green things growing' made one forget the brick floor, unfinished walls and meagre furnishings. The best point about his 'lass,' thought Stephen, when he crossed the threshhold of his little home at the close of his day's work, was her art of setting a tea-table. It may have been the spotless look of the cloth, the quaint plates and 'joogs' brought from across the seas, or the fresh posy that she always found time to put in the green glass bowl; at any rate, there was something about it which appealed to a tired and hungry man. This appeal was emphasized by the fragrance that escaped from the little black tea pot when the green embroidered 'tea-cosy' was lifted off; by the crisp and curly lettuce; the thin bread and butter, and occasionally by the hot scones or oat cakes prepared as a surprise. The children, who had flourished in the new climate, and prattled away in Portuguese to the detriment of their Scotch-English, sat in their chairs with clean pinafores and well-scrubbed faces. Jessie herself, as fresh as a rose, and as neat as a new pin—I am quoting Stephen—waited upon them all with patient good-humor. The sun was always near its setting when they began their supper, and it glanced about, enlivening the dull things and touching up the bright ones, like Steenie's yellow curls and Jack Horner's yellow plumage. How he sang, how he trilled, how he fluttered his wings and shook his pretty head, that sparkling Belgian canary! As little as the group around the table did he consider himself an exile in that land of fadeless foilage and sapphire skies. Bird and babies, wife and husband, they made music and happiness and home for one another.

For a year or more they rejoiced in the sunshine. Then came a shadow, lurking steadily at first, in hidden corners, dimming the radiance of Jessie's brave blue eyes, dimming—who knows how deeply—the radiance of her heart. The children played as merrily as before, Jack Horner warbled as blithely; yet the shadow crept onward.

Another year, and the whole fair scene was swept by its blackness. Why do we find them in a house so small and dingy, so bereft of its cozy adornments? Why is Polly clad in that scant and faded frock, and why is Steenie's pinafore so full of patches? Where is Jessie's rosiness and roundness, and what means that smile which saddens the beholder like tears?

Stephen Ellerton had lost his position—lost it by yielding to the deadliest, the most insidious, of foes. Love of drink had driven away self-respect, usurped the love of home, overthrown, it often seemed, his love of wife and children.

With the loss of his place, he had forfeited the right to a passage home for himself and family at the expiration of three years, should he decide not to renew his contract.

The irregular employment that he obtained when sober, provided them shelter. Jessie's deft fingers fashioned for other people's children the dainty garments she used to make for her own. There were times when this was all that stood between them and starvation. Sometimes, but not often, Polly and Steenie cried from hunger. It is likely that Jessie knew only too often what it was to be hungry, but she was not one to tell.

Thus matters stood at the beginning of this story. The missionaries, who had just returned from an absence of several months in another corner of their field, were shocked at the changes they perceived. The sitting-room showed for what it was—a place with a rough brick floor and dingy walls. The gay draperies and bright cushions had worn out, and there had been no money to replace them—no heart, either, perhaps. The children's faces had begun to wear that pathetic look of patience characteristic of the children of the poor. They crept about, playing in a half-hearted way, and shrank back when spoken to. But the saddest change was in Jessie herself. Her wan cheeks and big, hollow eyes haunted Mrs. Cary all night.

The next day she searched through her stores, and brought to light yards upon yards of dark calico, blue and white striped, red and white checked. These would furnish four suits apiece for the little ones. With the calico she laid its equivalent in white 'domestic,' supplementing both with tape, buttons and thread.

'That will do for a beginning,' she thought. 'Whether they go or stay, they must have clothes, and Mrs. Ellerton will enjoy sewing for her own little folks again.'

She watched impatiently for her husband's return, and ran to meet him. But one glance at his face dispelled her hopes.

'Mr. Richards says he can do nothing,' he said presently. 'Ellerton broke his part of the contract, and the company is powerless.'

'But as an individual he can do a great deal!' she cried. 'As a man, as an Englishman, as a—Christian, won't he help at all?'

'He gave me a half promise; he said he had a personal dislike to Ellerton, but for the sake of the poor wife he will join in, if the others contribute.'

'And I had counted on him to head the subscription with something handsome! I am so disappointed!'

'Don't give up yet; I am going to see one or two others this afternoon.'

A few days later Mrs. Cary felt justified in taking her bundle to Jessie Ellerton, and in disclosing to her as cautiously as possible, that there was hope of her one day returning to her native land.

'It is far from being a certainty,' she said, 'as yet. But we are counting on it; we are praying for it.'

Jessie did not understand at first, and Mrs. Cary repeated the good news.

'Is it hame, ye mean? My ain hame and my mither? Bairnies, bairnies, we're maybe to gang awa' hame!'

She fell to sobbing, and then to laughing; the long repression had been too much for her. Soon, however, her practical nature won the day, and the women began to plan the little garments, while their future wearers all capered about, and Jack Horner burst into an ecstatic flow of melody.

A month went by, and the fund was still inadequate. Jessie worked early and late to have things in readiness, and Stephen, his better nature aroused by the interest others were taking in his family, let liquor alone, found regular employment, and persevered in it.

'If only Stephen keeps straight,' Jessie confided to Mrs. Cary, 'I can bide here and be verra weel content. 'Tis a gude country, ye ken, and bonnie. But it was cruel hard to think our chance to get hame was lost, and things ganging waur every day.'

But Jessie's friends were unwilling for the

problem to be solved in that way, thankful though they were for the amelioration of her lot. Distress and privation had grievously impaired her health and in that climate it is easier to go down hill than to climb up again.

Mr. Cary's prediction that she would not live to go home unless help came speedily, was confirmed by Jessie's increasing weakness and emaciation.

Then cold weather was not far away. Of what avail were the little print dresses when the November winds screamed and pounded through the rigging on their homeward voyage?

Yet the sum in hand was only half enough, although every Briton in town had contributed.

A cargo-steamer was due in a few days, and the interested friends were eager to send the Ellertons to England in it. The two or three English women in the city had given flannel and warm garments for the projected voyage. Some one had sent Jessie a warm dark suit and hat to match, and Stephen had not been neglected. If they lost this opportunity nothing could be done till spring.

Mr. Cary made a second appeal to Mr. Richards, but—but beyond his moderate subscription—he reiterated his inability to act in the matter.

'The "Quintilian" is in,' observed Mr. Cary the following Sabbath morning, a brilliant day in early October.

'To-morrow I shall go to the Captain and see if a compromise can be effected. If Ellerton will work his passage, perhaps he will take the others for the sum we have in hand. It will be a busy day, for our steamer is due then, you know, and we ought to go on board before two o'clock.'

'Yes, but you know we agreed that the children and I will stay at home until we can arrange for the Ellertons. You are obliged to go to the Mission meeting, but it was intended to be something of a pleasure trip for me, and how could I enjoy myself with poor Mrs. Ellerton pining away here alone?'

'Well, he rejoined, 'we will see about all that to-morrow. Perhaps the tangles will be straightened out by that time.'

But they were straightened before the morrow. Just after service Jessie knocked at the door of the study. Her eyes were beaming, her cheeks flushed with happiness, and she told her errand rapidly.

'We're to sail in twa days,' she announced. 'Some good freend told the Captain aboot us, and he says he will take us for naught—will gie us our passage, ye understand. Stephen, he's to wark his way, and the money ye collectk, it may gang awa' back to the givers. We'd fain thank ye, but our hearts are o'erfull. I've brought up a couple of little joogs,' she continued, producing two of the quaint pitchers Mrs. Cary had often admired. 'Polly and Steenie send them as keepsakes to your twa bairnies. And for yoursel's, madam, there is but ae thing that can utter the thanksgiving of a poor woman's heart. When he opens his mouth to gie ye a song, ye're to think ye are hearkening till the love and gratitude of Jessie Ellerton.'

And this was how Jack Horner came to be a prized member of the Cary household. Yet even his entrancing carols could not tell the sequel of the story—the joyful home-coming, the fresh start in life, effected through the contributions declined by the good captain—best of all, the lasting reformation of Stephen Ellerton. That is a song for the angels.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

If! If!

If every boy and every girl,
Arising with the sun,
Should plan this day to do alone
The good deeds to be done—

Should scatter smiles and kindly words,
Strong, helpful hands should lend,
And to each other's wants and cries,
Attentive ears should lend.

If every man and woman, too,
Should join those workers small—
Oh, what a flood of happiness
Upon our earth would fall!

How many homes would sunny be,
Which now are filled with care!
And joyous, smiling faces, too,
Would greet us everywhere.

I do believe the very sun
Would shine more clear and bright
And every little twinkling star
Would shed a softer light.

But we, instead, must watch to see
If other folks are true,
And thus neglect so much that God
Intends for us to do.

—Sarah E. Eastman, in 'Golden Days.'

Mother's Vacation.

How many families will be sufficiently considerate to allow the wife and mother a vacation this summer?

We seem to hear the exclamation that, as a rule, the summer hotels and boarding-houses simply overflow with women whose fond spouses have sent them off to enjoy themselves, while they remain in the city making money.

Yes, but these women represent the rich, the comfortably well off, those who do not really need a vacation, because their whole lives are easy and pleasurable. We are thinking of the rank and file, the hundreds and thousands of faithful and loving wives and mothers who never know a vacation; who still talk of the wedding trip taken twenty years ago, as the one sunny spot in their history. The women who have grown weary of humdrum household tasks, and who patiently try to still the longing of their hearts for some change, for a wider outlook, for a short glimpse of gaiety. One's heart aches for them.

The work of an ordinary house, year in and year out, without help of any kind, will age and eventually wear out any woman. Every other toiler gets one or two weeks' rest out of the fifty-two, but it is not considered necessary for the wife and mother. She is not supposed to need change or to feel monotony.

Poor, tired mother! Suppose that some of the grown-up daughters of this land were to rise up this summer and say, 'We're going to give mother a vacation!'

Supposing they just turned her out of the kitchen and gave her the money carefully saved for that purpose, and told her to pack up for the seashore or the mountains? Failing that, supposing they just handed her a new book, and made her comfortable on the porch to enjoy it? Supposing they took her on trolley rides, as if she was 'company,' or encouraged her to make calls, or coaxed her to take refreshing afternoon naps?

How she would enjoy the wonderful leisure! How she would relish the food which someone else cooked! What a relief it would be not to think of a meal until she sat down to it! What happy tears she would shed over the thought of her daughter's loving care of her!

For those daughters it would mean perhaps early rising, much planning, economy of minutes, hard work; but how sweet their reward, not only now, but in the remembrance of after years! They will talk with moist eyes of 'mother's vacation' when mother herself has long passed on.—'Public Ledger.'

A Cat's Intelligence.

Some three years ago, while on my way to Boston, I spent a few days with some good friends named Payne, who own a pleasant place called 'Hill Farm,' near Pascoag, R.I. Mr. Payne is a retired Methodist preacher, and he proved a very interesting and genial host, full of stories and anecdotes, which he tells with pleasing effect.

One evening our conversation related especially to peculiar instances of intelligence on the part of domestic animals, and the following story was told by my host. I give it as nearly as I can remember, in his own language:

'Several years ago we had no less than a half-dozen cats about the house and barns.

'One morning as we were eating breakfast a favorite house cat walked in and deposited two young kittens upon the floor, and then looked up to the group around the table with an expression which seemed to say: "Allow me to introduce my youngest pair of twins."

'I turned from the table and exclaimed:

"What! more cats? Well; I'll kill those kittens after breakfast."

'The mother-cat looked up, eyed me sharply, as if to convince herself that I was in earnest, and then, turning around, picked up her children one after the other and carried them out of the house before we had hardly time to realize that they were gone.

'For some weeks we saw nothing more of the trio, and the children mourned the loss of their pets.

'At last a member of the family called one morning at the house of a neighbor living a mile away on another road, and there, making themselves at home in the kitchen, were puss and her two kittens.

'After mutual recognition it was learned, by questioning the farmer's children, that the cat had brought her little ones there the very day she had fled from her old home—evidently to save their lives.

'They were carried back to our house, but nothing could induce the mother to risk them there, and they again disappeared and took refuge with their adopted friends, where they all remained till the kittens were sufficiently grown to take care of themselves, when the old cat returned and resumed housekeeping at the former home as though nothing had happened.'

Here was a case where the mother-cat evidently understood the meaning conveyed in Mr. Payne's words, 'I'll kill those kittens.'—'Our Dumb Animals.'

Pictorial Testament Premium

A very handsome Pictorial New Testament, just published, with chromographs and engravings from special drawings made in Bible lands by special artists, J. C. Clark and the late H. A. Harper. The book is neatly bound in leather, round corners, gilt edge, well printed on fine thin paper, making a handsome book. The colored plates contained in this edition are particularly fine.

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The Farmer's Life.

[We are sure that, while our boys and girls may laugh over this doleful tale and enjoy the fun of making it out, they will not agree that the farmer's prospect is as bad as it looks here.—Ed.]

The farmer leads no E Z life;
The C D sows will rot;
And when at E V rests from strife,
His bones all A K lot.

In D D has to struggle hard
To E K living out;
If I C frosts do not retard
His crops there'll B A drought.

The hired L P has to pay
Are awful A Z, too;
They C K rest when he's away,
Nor N E work will do.

Both N Z cannot make to meet,
And then for A D he takes
Some boarders who so R T eat
& E no money makes.

Of little U C finds this life;
Sick in old A G lies,
The debts he O Z leaves his wife
And then in P C dies.

—Exchange.

The Transformation of Jule.

(Zelia M. Walters, in the 'Christian Standard.')

'Say, are you the woman who wants to give a banty rooster away?'

I turned in astonishment at this singular inquiry. The boy standing at the veranda railing was a most unprepossessing young person. I recognized him as 'Jule,' the bad boy of the neighborhood, of whose pranks I had heard much. I was moved to dismiss him promptly, and said, 'No, I am not the person.'

'That Billy Dimmick has fooled me ag'in,' muttered the boy; 'wait till I git hold of him!'

He looked so cast down as he turned away that a kinder impulse came to me.

'I haven't any bantams,' I said; 'but I have an old hen that I would like to give to someone that would take care of her.'

It was an ancient biddy, too tough for the table, and possessed of a lasting desire to sit. She had been patiently trying to hatch two china eggs for the past six weeks.

'Would you, honest, give her away for nothing?' he asked, eagerly. 'I hain't got any money.'

'Yes,' I said, 'if you will take good care of her.'

'Oh, I've got a good coop made. I got some boxes from the groc'ryman, and some tar paper what was left from a house. It'll be as warm as anything in the winter, and there's a window in it. I've got some corn planted, too, and my mother will give me enough to feed her till mine grows. That Billy Dimmick said there was a lady wanted to give a banty rooster away; that's why I got everything ready.'

So I packed 'Biddy' in a covered basket, and handed her over to her new owner. As he trotted proudly away, I fancied that already he had a more manly and independent air.

I heard of him only once before autumn. A woman who was passing said to her companion, 'I've got a lot of raspberries this year, and for a wonder "Jule" Biddle hasn't been around to steal any of them yet.'

'It's curious how steady he is lately,' said the other; 'I wonder what keeps him busy.'

After I overheard this conversation I hoped that 'Biddy' had something to do with the reformation of Jule.

He came to see me one day in early October. He was as ragged as ever, but his hands and face were clean, which was a great improvement on his first appearance before me.

'I've come to pay for that hen,' he announced, holding out a silver dollar.

'Why, I don't want any pay,' I said; 'I gave her to you.'

'Guess I'll pay for her,' he insisted quietly.

'Where did you get the money?' I asked, for I knew the Widow Biddle was wretchedly poor.

'I sold six of my chickens yesterday. A man gave me a dollar a piece. He said they were fancy stock. I don't know how it happened. I just bought common eggs.'

'So you raised chickens, did you? How many have you?'

'Sixty,' was the unexpected response. 'I traded some of the first brood for another hen. She hatched two broods this summer, and your hen hatched three. Then I worked for Mr. Dawson, and he gave me another brood.'

'But didn't you lose any?' I asked.

'Yes, four of 'em died.'

'You have been very fortunate,' I said.

'Oh, I don't know. I kept the coop clean, and took good care of 'em. The preacher, he gave me a book about chickens. I'm going to make an incubator by next spring, and I'm going to rent the vacant lot next to us, and make a big chicken-yard. I'm not going to sell any more chickens this fall. I'll keep them, and have eggs to sell in the spring.'

Many more details of his work he told me as he sat on the steps, and I soon discovered the occupation he had taken up. When he left he again offered the dollar. We finally compromised on twenty-five cents as the price of the hen, when I earnestly assured him that I could not possibly have sold it for more.

The next two or three years of Jule's life would make a long story, for in that time he changed from a bad boy into an honest, capable young business man. On the outskirts of our city stands a modest home which belongs to the Widow Biddle, and the acres behind it devoted to wire-netting chicken yards and also snug-looking coops, are the property of her son. He has paid for the house and farm out of his earnings.

The Schoolmaster Abroad!

Here is the excuse made by Mrs. Mary Tomson, of the Australian bush, because her son went to school without having done his home lessons: 'Dere mister I want u to scews mi bil for not haven his lessons dun our gote licced bil's slayte it bein greesie en so pore bil doan no his sumes wich is to hard mi old man says he wunt do eny moar like the last him en bil bein dun up wen they dun the wun were u wanted to no how far a man cud walk in for ours if he walked wun myl in aytean minits he says cud u give bil nex time sumes about howses mi old man says he wunt do bil's sums agen in wauken for noboddy en I am respeckfooly Mary Tomson.'—Exchange.

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A Veritable 'Floating Island.'

One often reads of 'floating islands,' especially in the tropic seas. A great many—most, in point of fact—of these floating islands are mythical, existing only in the imagination.

Away up in the wild Sierra Nevada Mountains of California may be found a veritable floating island. This islet is small, but it is nevertheless a floating one. Surrounded by lofty mountains is a small lake known as Mirror Lake. The waters of this body are wonderfully clear and reflective, and the lake is very deep.

Floating about on the surface is a mass composed of plants, roots and earth. This mass is about twenty-five feet across at the top, and is nearly circular in shape. How far it extends downward is unknown. The roots of the plants are so interlocked and filled in with earth that the whole mass is firmly attached. Where the earth came from is largely conjectural, but it is supposed to be the accumulations of dust blown from the surrounding mountains. So far as is known, this floating island has existed for an indefinite period.

A great many persons have been on the islet. The lake abounds in fine trout, and its waters are much fished. By means of long poles and oars, the island may be slowly 'navigated' about the lake. Many fishermen get on the floating mass, drift about, and use their lines. Mirror Lake is much visited, and the floating island is one of the chief attractions of the scene.—J. Mayne, Baltimore.

My Portion.

(George Klingle.)

To count no cost in time or will;
To simply try my place to fill;
To do because the act is right;
To live as living in his sight;
To try each day his will to know;
To tread the way his will may show;
To regulate each plan I make,
Each hope I build, or hope I break,
To please the heart which pleases me
Through daily tireless ministry;
To live for Him who gave me life;
To strive for Him who suffered strife
And sacrifice through death for me—
Let this my joy, my portion be.

Personalities in Public.

It would seem, from observation by the writer at least, that young women are the most frequent offenders of good taste in the matter of conversation in public places. Young men, or even lads, talking in a public vehicle are much less apt to discuss personalities and to mention names. The conversation of two young women, however, is very apt to be filled with remarks edifying to those who must perforce listen, and the blind confidence which the speakers have that the persons discussed are unknown to anyone within hearing is often disastrously misplaced. Two of these foolish virgins were talking in a trolley car the other day when it swung into a residence avenue. 'Look,' said one of the girls, 'that plain house there is where the L.'s live. They are awfully rich, you know, but they live in that horrid house.' An intimate friend of the 'L.'s' on her way that moment to see them, sat opposite the talkers, and ten minutes later the 'L.'s' were enjoying a laugh at their classification from a person whom they had little difficulty in identifying when the chance listener described her.

Much more serious was the predicament of

a young woman whose name was quoted in a street car as authority for a disagreeable statement concerning another young women. She had never made the remark, and felt sure her name had been incorrectly used, but the matter was difficult to explain and a pleasant intimacy was practically broken up. Girls talk loudly and carelessly in public places often through thoughtlessness, and they are, in consequence, seriously misjudged as ill-bred. It is a point to be dwelt upon. Never to mention names, or discuss personalities or private affairs, is a good rule to make and keep.—'Harper's Bazar.'

A Single Stitch.

One stitch dropped as the weaver drove
His nimble shuttle to and fro,
In and out, beneath above,
Till the pattern seemed to bud and grow
As if the fairies had helping been;
One small stitch which could scarce be seen.
But the one stitch dropped pulled the next stitch out,
And a weak place grew in the fabric stout;
And the perfect pattern was marred for aye
By the one small stitch that was dropped that day.

One small life in God's great plan
How futile it seems as the ages roll,
Do what it may or strive how it can
To alter the sweep of the infinite whole!
A single stitch in an endless web,
A drop in the ocean's flow and ebb!
But the pattern is rent where the stitch is lost,
Or marred where the tangled threads have crossed;
And each life that fails of its true intent
Mars the perfect plan that its Master meant.
—Susan Coolidge.

The School for Emperors.

(Howard Angus Kennedy, in the 'Sunday at Home.')

(Continued.)

CHAPTER II.

If he had thought about it, he would have remembered that his room was on the third storey. But he did not think about it: the only thought that kept running through his mind was that he had to follow the little woman and do as he was told. Now the little old woman went flying through the air—or going through the air somehow, for he couldn't see any wings—and he just went through the air after her, though he was sure he had no wings either. He could see the tops of the trees in the palace grounds far below, but in a moment they were gone, and the streets of the city appeared instead, with gas lamps all glimmering through the smoky air. These were not the fine wide main streets and avenues that he had sometimes ridden through, all gay with the flags that fluttered in his honor; they were the little narrow streets that he had never heard of, much less been in. And how many of them there were! 'What a lot of houses there are in the city,' was the first thing he got breath to say.

'Yes, my dear,' said the old woman, without looking round, 'and what a lot of people there are living in them.'

'But they are only common people, aren't they?' said the Emperor. The old woman did not get angry—she knew how he had been brought up.

At that moment she sank to the ground, 'just like a balloon when they let the gas out,' said the Emperor to himself—for he had seen that happen when he held a review of his troops.

They landed on a greasy pavement—for the day had been a foggy one—in front of a little shop. The shutters were up, for it was late at night, but the shop door was open and a frowzy man was sitting smoking his pipe under a dim oil lamp within.

'I have brought you an apprentice,' said the little old woman.

'You have, have you?' said the man; 'but where on earth has she gone?' he went on. Sure enough, the old woman had vanished. He looked up and down the street, and there was nobody in sight except a policeman just coming round the corner.

'Come in, and let's have a look at you,' said the man to the Emperor.

The Emperor came in and stood looking up rather defiantly in the man's face.

'And what might your name be?' asked the man not in the least abashed by the royal gaze.

'Emperor Maximus,' said his Majesty, with a very dignified air.

The man did not seem particularly struck by the information. 'That's a pretty mouthful to christen a child by,' said his wife, coming into the shop from a back room. 'It's altogether too grand a name for poor folks like you and us,' she said, 'so while you are here you'll answer to the name of Jack.'

'I shan't,' said the Emperor.

'What!' said the frowzy man, swinging a strap in the air, 'none of yer shant's and your won'ts, young man!' And as he saw that the strap had a large buckle at the end of it, the Emperor thought he had better hold his tongue.

'Here,' said the woman, pointing to a straw mattress under the counter, 'you've got to be up at six, so crawl in there and go to sleep. Can't think what mother Elizabeth meant by bringing you at such a time o' night—she that's always telling people to send the kids to bed early.'

The Emperor crept in under the counter and lay down, and though he was very miserable he went to sleep in a minute.

Sharp at six in the morning there came a kick on the front of the counter, and a man's voice shouting, 'Get up, and sweep the shop out, young un.'

The little Emperor rubbed his eyes. He had never got up before half-past eight in his life before; but he struggled to his feet and took the broom the man gave him and began to sweep. Of course he did not know how.

'Here,' shouted the man, 'don't smother everything with dust. I should like to know where you was brought up, knowing no more than that.' The Emperor was nearly saying, 'In the palace, of course,' but he thought he had better not—he would not be believed—so he let the man show him how to sweep, and got through the job somehow or other. Then he had to take the shutters down, and the first shutter he took down he nearly let fall on the head of a chimney-sweep passing to his work. The chimney-sweep was as black as if he had not washed for a week, and the Emperor was mortally afraid lest he might have a sooty strap and a buckle somewhere about him. But the sweep was a good-natured fellow, and only said, 'Look out, young chap! That's a little heavy for you, ain't it?' and helped him to pick up the shutter, and showed him how to take off the next one without letting it fall. When he had got all the shutters down and packed away into the basement, the Emperor stopped to look in at the uncovered window. The things that he saw were not in the least like the beautiful things he had seen in the grand shop windows of the fashionable streets that he had ridden through now and then. One window was full of boxes of sweets—the commonest kind of sweets, such as brandy balls, in great green bottles, and big sticks of red and white and green and yellow and purple stuff, and long strips of black liquorice, and great slabs of stick jaw.

'What are you dawdling about out here for?' said the shopman's wife, coming to the door. 'There's no time for dawdling here. Why don't you come in and get your breakfast?'

The poor little Emperor followed her into the back room, and sat down on a hard wooden chair at a rickety deal table without a cloth. The woman cut a great hunk off a loaf, and told him to help himself to the dripping. He had never seen dripping before, nor heard of it, but he spread some on the bread and began to eat. Then the woman poured some—well, she called it tea—into a heavy crockery mug. There were two other children at the table, a red-haired boy of twelve, and a flaxen-haired, white-faced girl of ten. Both of them seemed to relish their food; and the Emperor, although more than half inclined to say that he would not touch such stuff, was so very hungry that he thought better of it. When they had all finished, the red-haired boy put on his cap and went out to work, just giving the Emperor a punch in the back as he passed to make him feel at home. The Emperor was so taken by surprise that he just shrank away without saying a word, so the red-haired boy thought he was a coward, and gave him another punch by way of farewell. Then the woman and the little girl began to wash up the mugs and plates in a tin of water, and the Emperor was sent out to mind the shop.

As no customers came in for a little while, the Emperor passed the time tasting samples from the boxes of sweets. They did not look very inviting, not in the least like the dainty candies that used to make their appearance in gilded boxes at the palace, but at least they seemed to have sugar in them. When the frowzy man came walking into the shop the Emperor put his hand into his pocket, a little afraid that the man would not like his sweets to be eaten; but the man only chuckled to himself and said 'Eat all you can! Eat all you can!' It was very kind of him, the Emperor thought, and went on munching. Presently a little girl came in—her nose only just reached up to the top of the counter—and asked for a 'ha'porth o' stickjaw.' The Emperor did not know which the stickjaw was, and when the little girl in some surprise pointed it out to him, he tried to break a piece off with his fingers.

'Don't yer know how to cut it?' said the little girl. 'You use them nippers there.'

(To be continued.)

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LITTLE FOLKS

How the Yellowbird Told.

(Sidney Dayre, in 'Christian Register.')

'Here, Lulu, do you want these?'

'O auntie, all those?'

'Yes, every one of them.'

'Oh, thank you, Aunt Alma. May I divide them with Kitty?'

'Yes.'

Lulu held up the front of her short apron, and then ran away with a beaming face and a lap full of scraps of silks, laces, spring and summer goods of all sorts and of all the colors of the rainbow.

They were samples. The family lived in the country, and most of the shopping was done by sample. Every spring and fall they would come by dozens, yes, hundreds, many of them being used in the selection of cunning frocks for Lulu's cunning self. When they were no longer needed, the greater number of them were turned over to Lulu to be used in dressing her doll. Also Kitty's doll; for Lulu always divided with her best friend, and they always worked together at their dressmaking.

A few days later Aunt Alma said:

'Lulu, I left some samples here on the chair. Did you see anything of them?'

'Why, yes, auntie, I took them for Alexandra's graduating frock. I thought you left them there for me.'

'I want to use them, dear. Do you think they could be found?'

'I think so,' said Lulu. 'I'll go and see.'

Aunt Alma went with her to aid in the search, feeling well repaid by the sight of Alexandra's graduating frock. The frock itself could not, of course, be made up of samples; but they were used for everything into which they could possibly enter. Bright bits of silk and ribbon were sewn together for a sash and displayed with lavish extravagance in bows on waist, sleeves and skirt. Bits of lace and ribbon made a charming hat, and she had bright-colored bows on her shoes.

Aunt Alma liked a plainer effect; but Lulu thought differently, and she had as good a right to her opinion as anybody.

The missing samples were not on the graduating frock; but there were plenty of other small garments on which they might have been placed, so the search was not a short one. All the clothes were gone over, all the store of samples hunted through.

'I might have given it to Kitty,' said Lulu.

They crossed the street to Kitty's house and went through the same search. And there, tucked as handkerchiefs into the belts of Kitty's third and fourth best dolls, were the bits of dainty lawn. Aunt Alma begged them back, promising more, saying, with a smile, as she went away:

'Don't touch any more samples without leave, little girl.'

Lulu resolved with all her heart she never would, in spite of which more trouble about samples came one day very soon.

'Lulu,' said Aunt Alma, 'I had two or three samples of lace here at the window, and one is gone. Do you know anything of it?'

'No, I don't, auntie,' said Lulu very firmly.

They hunted behind chairs and the couch. They raised the fly-bar to see if it could have slipped under. They went outside and lifted the rugs on the porch. But no sample of lace was found.

'It was a bit of Valenciennes,' said Aunt Alma, 'larger than an ordinary sample; for it was a bit left off the collarette of sister Bertha's graduating gown, and I was going to send it to get a little more. Now, Lulu, my little girl, if you think it could possibly be on anything of yours—'

FINDING THE LOST SAMPLE IN THE NEST.

'It isn't, Aunt Alma. I never saw it.'

'Or, if you have lost it, if only you will tell of it frankly.'

'I haven't seen it, Auntie.'

'It could not have gone without hands.'

It was very perplexing and distressing. More lace was needed and there was not a scrap except what was made into the pretty collarette. Only a little wanted to go down the waist with soft, puffy chiffon, all white, which Lulu thought a great mistake; for, how much prettier it would be if something like Alexandra's graduating frock, all ribbon bows of all colors!

All the downstairs rooms were thoroughly searched, all around

outdoors hunted over; but the collarette finally had to be sent by express to match the lace. But that was not half so bad as the little bit of suspicion which Lulu fancied lay against her. People thought she had told a lie—half-thought it, if not whole. And the worst of it was there seemed such slight hope of its ever being cleared up.

The poor little girl prayed about it with a very full heart. God could do anything. God could set the matter right. But, as weeks went by, she began to fear there were some things which even God could not do—or did not think best to do. So it would, never, never, never be known certainly, surely, that she did not take the sample.

She was sitting on the porch one day, thinking sadly of it all. As a maid left a dust pan full of sweepings near, she got up to look at it. All the graduation gowns had been worn long ago, but Lulu had never got over looking for the sample. It was not there; and she sat down again, wondering if there could be a single place in which she had not looked at least ten times, when a yellowbird perched on a bush not far from her.

'That must be one of the birds from the nest in the elm.'

'Cheer-up, cheer-up,' it said, as plainly as possible.

'It's easy to say that. Oh, you dear little bird, you see so many things as you fly, couldn't you tell me where that sample went that day?'

The bird flew back into the tree in which the nest was built.

'Cheewatee, chewatee, chewatee,' it sang.

'Papa,' said Lulu to him that evening, 'the yellow birds are all flown. I saw one to-day. I wish you would get me the nest.'

He brought a step-ladder and stepped from it into the tree. Another step and he had the pretty nest in his hand.

'Why, that little nest-builder must have had gay tastes!' said Aunt Alma, coming to look. 'See, Lulu, here are two or three scraps of silk woven in. And, here on the inside—why, what is this?'

She was loosening a filmy bit of the nest lining.

'Well, if it isn't—'

'The sample!' came with a little scream of delight from Lulu.

So indeed it was.

'Aunt Alma,' Lulu said to her later, 'I know now what that birdie was singing to me, though I didn't know it then. He said: 'Here-it-is, here-it-is.' I asked him to tell me, and he did.'

Aunt Alma smiled very lovingly but Lulu never told her how much more there was to it. In the very depths of her little heart she felt sure that God and the yellowbird had helped each other in telling her where to look for the lost sample.

Little Helpers.

(By Geo. Cooper, in 'Parish Home.')

'I will be a little helper,'
Lisps the brook.
On its silvery way it goes,
Never stopping for repose,
Till it turns the busy mill
In some nook.

'I will be a little helper,'
Smiles the flower.
By the wayside, in the field,
All its beauty is revealed
Unto sad and weary hearts,
Though skies lower.

'I will be a little helper,'
Sings the bird.
And it carols forth a song,
Though the cheerless day be long,
Bringing to some helpless one
Some sweet word.

You can be a little helper
Child so fair!
And you kindly deeds can make,
For the Heavenly Father's sake,
Sunshine, love and happiness
Everywhere!

Pauline's June Walk.

Great excitement had reigned in the Newton cottage for a whole week. Saturday, June 1, Pauline had received a dainty little note, which read as follows:

'Miss Margaret Ellis requests your presence Saturday afternoon, June 8, for a June walk in Ridgeway Park. The Sunday-school class will leave 18 Peace Street promptly at 2.30 o'clock.'

A June walk! What was that anyway? Aunt Bethy, who had been to college, and knew 'just everything,' told Pauline a lovely story, all about a June walk in college, where, every time the girls came to a corner, they 'drew cuts' to decide which road they should take.

'I won't have to wait till I go to college to have a June walk, will I, Aunt Bethy?' Pauline had said.

At last the eventful day dawned, but before Pauline opened her eyes she heard the patter of raindrops on the roof. Of course the June walk would have to be postponed, for, even if it stopped raining, the grass would be wet.

'Poor little Pollykins!' said mamma, as she kissed away two big 'rain drops' on Pauline's cheek.

After lunch it still rained hard, and Pauline prepared to take her favorite doll, Gladys Genevieve, for a June walk up and down the veranda.

'We'll play that you're me and I'm Miss Margaret.' And Gladys Genevieve smiled a beautiful smile.

'Brave old Polly!' said Uncle Max, who looked up from his book just then. He thought for a moment and then said: 'Pollykins, what would you say to going on a June walk with me? It will be a June ride first, then a June walk, and then a June ride home again. I am going down to the "Vet." on an errand, and you have never been there.'

Pauline hadn't the faintest idea what a 'Vet' might be, but if Uncle Max took her it was sure to be something nice. 'May Gladys Genevieve go too, Uncle Max? I do hate to 's'point the dear child.'

But mamma said that it would be far better for Gladys Genevieve to take a nap quietly at home; so Pauline promised to tell her all about the June walk when she came home.

A few minutes later Pauline boarded the car with Uncle Max. They rode such a long time that she wondered when the walk would begin, but at last they got off opposite the 'Veterinary Hospital.'

(To be continued.)

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is June, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

A Preview for the Half-Year.

Under the International System, which undertakes to complete the circuit of the Bible once in seven years, a return is now made to the Old Testament after six months spent upon the life of Jesus. The narrative is taken up just where it was dropped; namely, with the history of Judah, which is brought down to the latest date. The kingdom of Israel had passed out of existence through the Assyrian conquest. Rome was only half a century old. Kings had ceased in Greece, and the chief magistrates (archons) were ruling in their stead. Assyria was the supreme world-power. The discovery of the royal library at Nineveh, with its ten thousand inscribed tablets, furnishes remarkable confirmation of the sacred records. Sennacherib, Hezekiah, Isaiah, Josiah, Jehoiakim, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Daniel, Ezra, Zechariah, Esther, Nehemiah, Malachi, are some of the characters, good and evil, that will pass in review. The Assyrian invasion, the finding of the Bible (the book of the law), the Babylonian captivity, the return from exile, and rebuilding of the temple are some of the events.

LESSON I.—JULY 2.

Sennacherib's Invasion.

II. Chronicles xxxii., 9-23.

Golden Text.

With us is the Lord our God to help us, and to fight our battles. II. Chron. xxxii., 8.

Commit verses 19-21.

Home Readings.

Monday, June 26.—II. Chron. xxxii., 9-23.
Tuesday, June 27.—II. Chron. xxxi., 20-xxxii.

Wednesday, June 28.—Is. xxxvi., 1-11.
Thursday, June 29.—Is. xxxvi., 12-22.
Friday, June 30.—Is. xxxvii., 8-20.
Saturday, July 1.—Is. xxxvii., 21-36.
Sunday, July 2.—II. Kings xviii., 1-12.

(By Davis W. Clark.)

The Nile was Sennacherib's real destination. But to reach Egypt he must needs pass through a tiny realm of the Hebrews. Nothing there could prove more than a momentary impediment. So thought the Ninevite. He was ignorantly omitting, however, one invincible factor from his calculations. That factor was the religious faith of the people whose country he was invading.

One courageous, patriotic soul stood out against the threatening tide of invasion. The accident of royal office gave him added prestige. It was Hezekiah the king. He proceeded with utmost discretion, taking into his counsel the princes and other men of influence. While he increased the water supply of the city, he destroyed that of the district in which the enemy must needs camp. He strengthened the outer and inner fortifications of the city, and filled the arsenals with newly-made armor, offensive and defensive. He mobilized the army. He infused his own devout and dauntless spirit into the garrison, in an address which for faith and patriotism has never been surpassed.

Every precaution which the king had taken to preserve the morale of the garrison was necessary. The servants of Sennacherib, captain, eunuch, and cup-bearer, appeared upon the neighboring hillsides and addressed the people, who crowded to the walls. They were sappers and miners sent to honeycomb the courage of the defenders of the city. They showed Machiavelian skill; but they failed. Even the threatening letters of Sennacherib fell short of their purpose. All fiery darts were quenched by the faith of the people in God and his servant, their king.

In the last extremity Hezekiah betook himself to prayer. He believed the as yet unwritten Scripture, 'The fervent, effectual prayer of a righteous man availeth much.' He took every precaution, as if everything depended upon himself. Then he prayed, as if everything depended upon God.

We may never know the precise way in which the Assyrian host was destroyed. But deliverance came to Jerusalem. The crimson shields of Assyria covered the pillars of the temple, so lately stripped of their gold to buy a worthless truce. Sennacherib returned in defeat, to die at the hand of an assassin. A great page of world-history turned that day. On the under side Assyria disappeared, and on the upper Babylonia came into view.

THE TEACHER'S LANTERN.

The prophet Isaiah describes the approach of the world-conqueror with nervous and poetic picturesqueness. Like a desolating tide his army reaches the height of Lebanon. The cedars feel his fire at their roots. Damascus is a heap. Hamath, Arpad, Sepharvaim, Hena, Ivah, Calno, Carchemish, are the milestones in his march of ruin. He pauses at Michmash, the Rubicon of sacred history. Ramah, Gibeah, Geba, Benjaminite cities, fall in one day. Two score 'fensed cities' of Judah are taken. Jerusalem alone remains inviolate, and the ruthless invader even now stands at Nob and shakes his hand defiantly at the daughter of Zion.

The extremity is reached. Jerusalem is an oasis in a desert of desolation. The destroying floods break in angry roar and foam about the rock of Zion. Hezekiah is as a bird shut in a cage. Sennacherib is about to thrust his hand into the holy city, as he has into the nest of every nation, and despoil it.

The dilemma is fixed. To resist means defeat, and that involves suffering, inhuman and ferocious barbarities unsurpassed in history. The Assyrian bas-relievi tell how cruelly conquerors treated their prisoners of war.

On the other hand, surrender without resistance meant denationalization and deportation of the entire population, according to the fixed policy of Eastern conquerors. The exile would be further embittered by the importation of a heathen colony (also a part of the Eastern policy) into Judea, a motley people who would be encouraged to imitate the Hebrew ritual after the manner of the Samaritans.

In this darkest hour the patriotism of Hezekiah shines with incomparable splendor. He was no stoic—he was keenly sensitive to the situation. He was no hair-brained zealot, ready to impale himself on the enemy's pike. He maintained his poise. He had what has been aptly called the greatest possession; namely, self-possession.

Hezekiah at prayer for his nation is a scene worthy the greatest artist. Justified by the awful emergency, he probably entered the Holy of Holies, and, casting himself before the mercy-seat, spread out before the Lord Sennacherib's grievous letter.

For three thousand years the destruction of Sennacherib has stood as a glorious memorial of answer to prayer.

Napoleon's retreat from Russia is a modern analogy to that of Sennacherib from Jerusalem. A scant twenty thousand out of five hundred thousand French survived. The account of the fall of Sennacherib is still read in the churches of Moscow on the anniversary of the French retreat.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, July 2.—Topic—The making of a Christian: his destiny. I. John ii., 15-17; iii., 1-3. (Consecration meeting.)

Junior C. E. Topic.

OUR OWN COUNTRY.

Monday, June 26.—Our country God's gift. Deut. viii., 10, 11.

Tuesday, June 27.—Chosen of the Lord. Deut. vii., 6-8.

Wednesday, June 28.—Our inheritance. Deut. xxxii., 7-9.

Thursday, June 29.—A goodly heritage. Ps. xvi., 6.

Friday, June 30.—Righteousness exalts a nation. Prov. xiv., 34.

Saturday, July 1.—God exalts the nation. Ps. lxxxix., 15-17.

Sunday, July 2.—Topic—Our own country. Deut. xi., 12. (Home Missionary of Christian Citizenship Meeting.)

Teachers Should Visit Their Scholars!

I remember once in hunting for a boy, I passed his house and turning suddenly back, met his mother who was covered with confusion at my finding her thus standing in the door-way and gave as her reason for it, 'Harry called me and said, "Come, quick, mother, and see the woman that tells us about Jesus." Her story was this: She had been married nine years and had six small children and during this time had not once entered a church, but had, she said, been wishing for weeks some one would come and tell her the way of salvation. It is not difficult to lead to the Saviour one who is really seeking him. The Holy Spirit has already prepared the way for the truth.

If a great blessing follows an opportune visit by the teacher, an equally great failure follows many a careless or even unintentional neglect of an absent one.

A little girl who was sick with typhoid fever insisted that her mother should make her ready to receive her teacher as soon as the Sunday-school session for the afternoon closed, for, said the little one, 'She will miss me and she will come and see why I wasn't there.' The teacher did not come, and the next Sunday the same preparation was made with the same result. The grief and disappointment caused the fever to run higher; from that she recovered, but the grieved heart did not recover from its bitter disappointment.

I knew a boy slightly older than the girl who stayed away from Sunday-school on purpose to see what his teacher would do. Daily on his return from school, he would ask: 'Mother, has teacher been here?' After two weeks' absence he was told by his mother he must return to his class. He said: 'What is the use of going? Teacher don't care.' How many do you suppose have watched for our coming and been equally surprised and disappointed?—'Australian Spectator.'

A Street Arab.

I was standing before the window of an art store where a picture of the crucifixion of our Lord was on exhibition. As I gazed I was conscious of the approach of another, and turning, beheld a little lad gazing intently at the picture also. Noticing that this mite of humanity was a sort of street Arab, I thought I would speak to him: so I asked, pointing to the picture: 'Do you know who it is?'

'Yes,' came the quick response, 'that's our Saviour,' with a mingled look of pity and surprise that I should not know. With an evident desire to enlighten me further, he continued, after a pause: 'Them's the soldiers, the Roman soldiers, and,' with a long-drawn sigh, 'that woman crying there is his mother.

He waited, apparently for me to question him further, then thrust his hands into his pockets, and with reverent and a subdued voice, added, 'They killed him, Mister. Yes, sir, they killed him!' I looked at the little ragged fellow, and asked, 'Where did you learn this?' He replied, 'At the Mission Sunday-school.'

Full of thought regarding the benefits of mission Sunday-schools I turned away and resumed my walk, leaving the little lad looking at the picture. I had not walked a block when I heard his childish treble calling, 'Mister! Say, Mister!' I turned. He was running toward me, but paused; then up went his little hand and with triumphant sound in his voice he said, 'I wanted to tell you he rose again! Yes, Mister, he rose again.'

His message delivered, he smiled, waved his hand, turned and went his way, feeling, I presumed, that as he had been enlightened, he had done his duty in enlightening another. —T. R. Teske, in 'Christian Alliance.'

As a father in a garden stoops down to kiss a child the shadow of his body falls upon it, so many of the dark misfortunes of our life are not God going away from us, but our Heavenly Father stooping down to give the kiss of his infinite and everlasting love.—Talmage.

Correspondence

H., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I was going to write a letter for the 'Messenger' long ago, but I was always too busy with my studies at school. I passed my examination, and therefore am not at all sorry. I worked so hard at my lessons. I like very much to go to school, and like my teacher very well, too. My sister (Clara) gets the 'Messenger,' and I like to read it very much, too, especially the letters it contains. Spring is now here. My grandma, who stays with us here, has been away three weeks now, and I have been homesick for her. My little sister V. had a fall in the stable the other day, and nearly fell on the little white calf that she likes to pat, but she did not hurt herself at all. She likes to go to the barn every day. I go to Sunday-school, and have a lady teacher, my mamma.

PEARL MAY S.

St. G., Ont.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Messenger' for nearly a year, and we all like it very much. I think it is a splendid paper for young people. Mamma enjoys reading it, as she used to get it at Sunday-school when she was a little girl. I was at the Toronto Fair, and I will try to describe my trip there. We left the station a little before nine o'clock in the morning, and arrived in Toronto about quarter to eleven. The first place we went to was the Art Building, where we saw many very beautiful pictures. We then went into quite a few other buildings. By this time it was almost noon. So we walked over to the lake and had our dinner there. After we had eaten our lunch, we went to the oldest house in Toronto. It was built of logs. There was only one room downstairs, and that was quite small. There was an old-fashioned clock, a wooden shovel and a number of other articles. Out in the yard, by the building, there was a fanning mill and a wooden harrow and plough. We went into a number of other buildings, and there was one with nothing else but carriages, buggies and automobiles. There were horses made out of plaster of Paris, hitched to buggies, and there was one carriage with a man and woman (made of plaster of Paris). The man was dressed as a coachman, and he was sitting in the front seat driving the horses, and the woman was sitting in the back seat. She was dressed in blue silk, and held a blue silk parasol. One would just think it was real. Afterwards we went into the building and saw the presents of our late Queen Victoria, which she received at the Jubilee. They were very handsome. One was a large fan about seven feet in height and five feet wide, and was made of white ostrich feathers. Then we came to a very large case. It contained a solid gold statue, ivory tusks of the elephant and diamonds, and the man who was guarding it said it cost five million dollars. There were soldiers marching up and down all the time. They carried guns, and if anyone was to break into these cases, these soldiers were given the liberty to shoot them. It was almost time to go home, so we started about six o'clock, and arrived home at ten o'clock the same night.

ETHEL M. ATMORE (age 13).

N. T., N.S.

Dear Editor,—This is our first letter to the 'Messenger.' I am nine years old and I (Elizabeth) am eleven years old. The East River at St. Mary's flows past our houses. For pets we each have two kittens named Tibby and Snowball. There is a library in our Sunday-school. We have read a good many of the books. I (Catherine) have two sisters and one brother, and I have one sister and one half-brother. We will now close.

CHUMS (CATHERINE, ELIZABETH).

Morin Flats, Que.

Dear Editor,—I have written one letter, and I saw it in print. I told you I had been to British Columbia, but I did not tell you anything about my trip. A friend of mine asked me to go and have a ride in the engine, but when I went through the first tunnel I was so scared that I wished I had stayed with mamma, and when I came back I was so black that mamma said I could not go any more. When we were going by the Fraser River you would think you were going to run right into it, and on one side the rock would be hundreds of feet above you and on the other side the water would be hundreds of feet below you. I was often afraid to look down, and going through the Rockies, there would be some rocks perpendicular in the air. When I was in Vancouver I saw a cat, and she had adopted a rat with her kittens, and they were in a window for show.

EVELYN E. O.

R., M.

Dear Editor,—As I am a reader of the 'Messenger,' and enjoy reading the children's letters, and read with interest your address to the children on behalf of the Labrador Mission, so I will enclose fifty cents (twenty-five cents of my own and twenty-five cents of my brother Cecil). I hope the children will all respond, as I think it would be so nice to support a cot for the children in the hospital, and think the 'Messenger' Cot would be a nice name for it. My auntie in New Brunswick gave me the 'Messenger' as a Christmas present.

GEORGE J. L. JACK (age 9).

E., Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter. Some friend sends me the 'Messenger.' I don't know who it is, but I like it very much. I like my Pictorial New Testament. It was a very nice present for such little work. I send a little for the Labrador Mission. My papa has been sick all the winter, or I would send more. He is not able to work yet very much. May God bless the use of this little and may more be added to it.

ETTA SIPSON (age 11).

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Dinner.' Ellen Miller (13).
2. 'With a Pinhook.' Wilmot Bailey (age not given).
3. 'The Sewing School.' Marjory Armour (11).
4. 'Having a Ride.' Myrtle Dennison (10).

Althorpe.

Dear Editor,—You will find enclosed a problem in Bible arithmetic which I would like published in the 'Messenger' for the boys and girls to solve.

L. N.

A PROBLEM IN BIBLE ARITHMETIC.

A teacher being asked how many scholars were in his Sabbath-school, replied: 'If you multiply the number of Jacob's sons by the number of times which the Israelites compassed Jericho on the seventh day, and add to the product of the number of measures of barley which Boaz gave Ruth; divide this by the number of Haman's sons; subtract the number of each unclean beasts that went into the ark; multiply by the number of men that went to seek Elijah after he was taken to heaven; subtract from this Joseph's age at the time he stood before Pharaoh; divide by the number of stones David selected to kill Goliath; subtract the number of furlongs that Bethany was distant from Jerusalem: multiply by the number of anchors cast out at the time of Paul's shipwreck; and subtract the number of people saved in the ark, the remainder will be the number of scholars in the school.' How many were there?

West Laurencetown.

Dear Editor,—I do not take the 'Messenger,' but my Aunt Jane MacL., who lives in Nova Scotia, takes it, and sends it to me. I love the 'Messenger,' and hope that everybody who takes it does, too. I think that the answer to Minnie E. M.'s, of Cisne, Ill., U.S.A., puzzle, which is: 'What man took one hundred prophets and hid them by fifties in a cave, and who did he hide them from,' is: 'The hider of the prophets was Obediah,' and the man he hid them from was King Ahab.' I am interested in the pictures that the boys and girls draw. I will send in some drawings. I am fond of drawing. I will be twelve years old on May 20. My school studies are geography, British or Canadian history, grammar, reading, spelling, arithmetic, drawing and writing. I am taking my second quarter of music lessons. I love music, and like to hear a good player. I am getting along very well with my music. My father is the Presbyterian minister here. There were a few flurries terian minister here. It is so pleasant to see the birds again and to hear them sing their sweet songs. I like to scatter crumbs for them to eat. I am what you would call a book-worm, and I have read a great deal. I guess I have read about five hundred books, besides a great many stories. I have a cat that I call Tom. He is a large, white cat, striped with yellow. I would like to know if you ever hear from Eula B. W., of Brownville, Ont., now? She and I carried on a correspondence for quite a while, and I would like to hear from her again.

MARION M. MacL.

Barrington Passage, N.S.

Dear Editor,—As I have not seen any letters from this place, I will try and write one. I am a little girl eleven years old, and I am in the seventh grade. I like to go to school, and I am very fond of books. I haven't any pets, as they have all died, but I am very fond of animals and flowers. When I grow up I would like to be a school-teacher, or a clerk in a store. I like to read the Correspondence Page, and I think the letters are very interesting to read. I liked 'Daph and Her Charge' very much. Among the books I have read are: 'Mildred,' 'Our Bessie,' 'The Little Lame Prince,' 'Little Nell,' and many other nice books. We have a nice library at our school, and get a book every Friday night. I have two sisters and one brother. Their names are Maude, Gertrude and Arthur. Maude is nine, Gertrude is five, and Arthur is thirteen weeks old. I had a brother older than myself, but he died before I was born. I like your paper very much, and I get it at the Presbyterian Sunday-school. I took it when I was a very little girl. I went to Yarmouth to see the exhibition with papa last fall. I hope my letter is not too long.

J. BIRDIE C.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

OUR LABRADOR COT FUND.

A 'Messenger' Reader, London, Ont., 10c; the Rev. P. Appell, Osawatomie, Kan., 25c; A Friend, Osawatomie, Kan., 5c; A Friend, Osawatomie, Kan., 25c; S. Martin, 10c; I. D., Haliburton, P.E.I., 24c; Wm. Millar, Macdonald's Corners, $2; A Friend, Renfrew, 50c; Catherine Humphreys, Renfrew, $1.50; Maud Humphreys, Renfrew, 25c; Carl Humphreys, Renfrew, 25c; L. C. Montgomery, New Richmond, 50c; Sadie D. G., Silver Hill, 10c; Gladys Stewart, York Mills, $1; Vera, Lloyd, Irene and Baby Ruth Johnstone, Chatham, $1; An Uxbridge Girl, Uxbridge, 25c; Samuel L. C., New Glasgow, 60c; A Friend, Russell, $1; Willie and Annie Carscadden, Russell, 50c; Eva and Helen Tindale, Malcome, 20c; Ida B. Caswell, Maple Creek, Ass., 10c; Edith Insley, Virden, Man., 10c; Kathleen Gorman, Grafton, 10c; Kenneth Gorman, Grafton, 10c; Jessie Gorman, Grafton, 10c; Edna, Agnes and Frank Wilson, Prospect Hill, 30c; M. J. M., Clinton, O., $1; Annie Cumming, Maxville, Ont., $1.25; A Friend, Elkham, 50c; L. L. Patterson, Northcote, Ont., 26c; G. N. Cowan, $2; Mrs. G. N. Cowan, $2; R. Cowan, 25c; W. J. Bailey, 10c; M. M. Cowan, $1; Janet L. Stinson, Arden, Man., 10c; Albert Anderson, Clarke's Harbor, 60c; Lavina Gunn, Orrville, 25c; A Friend, Snow Road, 50c; Ellis Anthony, Lower Selinah, 50c; Myrtle A. McConnell, Hamiota, 10c; total, $21.85.

Contributions for a cot in one of Dr. Grenfell's hospitals are being received here. If you have not already donated anything, perhaps you would like to through this paper.—Cor. Ed.

A man who would have God's guidance must be willing to make spiritual things his main business.—H. C. Mabie.

The Voice of Science in Regard to Alcohol.

(Concluded.)

Then again, the red corpuscles of the blood itself have the important mission to fulfil of combining with oxygen in the lungs and of carrying this oxygen to remote parts of the body where it is given off as required, coming back to the lungs with dark purplish hue indicative of diminished oxygen. Alcohol acts in a very marked way on these corpuscles, 'even so minute a quantity as one part of alcohol in five hundred of blood,' says Sir Benjamin Richardson, in regard to his experiments, 'proved an obstacle to the perfect reception of oxygen by the blood.' It follows, therefore, that in spite of pure air and plenty of it, the blood of a person taking alcohol into the system cannot get the proper amount of oxygen, and consequently cannot properly perform its mission. This is emphatically supported by Dr. J. J. Ridge in his 'Addresses on the Physiological Action of Alcohol,' and by Dr. Alfred Carpenter, former President of the Council of the British Medical Association in his 'Alcoholic Drinks,' and many other physicians.

In support of the injurious effect of alcohol on the heart directly, much valuable testimony might be adduced, but space forbids quoting more than one. Dr. T. D. Strothers, of Hartford, Conn., in the 'Transactions of Second Annual Meeting of A.M.T.A., says:—

'On general principles, and clinically, the increased activity and subsequent diminution of the heart's action bring no medicinal aid or strength to combat disease. This is simply a reckless waste of force for which there is no compensation. Without any question or doubt, the increased heart's action, extending over a long period, is dangerous. The medicinal damage done by alcohol does not fall exclusively upon the heart, although this organ may show it more permanently than others.'

It would be impossible to go into greater detail here in regard to the effects of alcohol on the other organs of the body. Suffice it to say that there is abundant testimony of the first quality to be had, that lays very serious results to the charge of alcohol, even moderately used. The recent speech of Sir Wm. Broadbent at a meeting of the National Association for the Prevention of Consumption, held at the Mansion House, London, is very striking, as bearing upon the connection between the alcohol habit and consumption, that disease upon which is being now focussed so much attention, both professional and non-professional. Sir William declared that deficient food, overwork, stuffy rooms and alcoholic excesses were the principal factors in the progress of the disease, and then, in impressive tones, he emphasized his belief that the greatest and most potent of these was alcoholic excess.'

The extent to which alcohol is still used by the medical profession is, of course, a great stumbling block to many people. But it is an indisputable fact that more and more are reputable physicians openly denouncing such use as a great mistake, and that many who make no comment on the changing attitude of the profession, yet consciously or unconsciously, are turning to alcohol far more seldom than they once did.

Sir Frederic Treves, King Edward's surgeon, in a recent temperance address, declared that alcohol is distinctly a poison, and that its use ought to be limited as strictly as any other poison. He denied that it is an appetizer, and said that even a small quantity hinders digestion. Its stimulating effect only endures for a moment, and when this is passed the capacity for work falls enormously. Its use is inconsistent with work requiring quick, keen and alert judgment. Reviewing medical practice for a quarter of a century, he declared that the use of alcohol in hospitals and by physicians generally had greatly diminished, and continues to diminish.

Comparative death rates in groups of cases treated with alcohol and those treated without give abundant support to the opinion that alcohol is not the sheet-anchor it was once considered.

There are to-day not a few hospitals where cases of all kinds are treated most successfully without resort to alcohol at all, or, at least, with no more than the same cautious, restricted use that is given to arsenic, strychnine, and other such powerful poisons.

The London Temperance Hospital is one of the best known of these. Started in 1873 with the avowed object of testing thoroughly the non-alcoholic treatment of the sick, prejudiced donors and directors making it impracticable to carry on such experiments in existing hospitals, its wonderful record has gone far towards changing hospital practice along this line. During all the years of its existence, its average death rate has been only about 6 percent from the beginning, which is about 4-5 percent lower than that of any other general hospital in London. It has had connected with it such men of eminence as Dr. James Edmunds, Dr. J. J. Ridge and Sir B. W. Richardson.

The Frances E. Willard National Temperance Hospital in Chicago, started in 1886, has had about 5 percent of deaths since its opening. The Red Cross Hospital, New York, is another non-alcoholic hospital, or practically so, and its physicians, resident and consulting, men of note in their profession like Dr. A. Monae Lesser, Dr. Geo. F. Shrady, Dr. Gottlieb Steger, while not all personal abstainers have declared themselves in favor of treatment without alcohol.

In regard to special diseases as compared with general practice, some very instructive figures are at hand. The medical superintendent of West Haven Infectious Diseases Hospital wrote in 1894 in the 'Medical Pioneer' that before 1885 he had treated 2,148 cases of smallpox, 'in the usual routine method, with the use of alcohol when the heart's action seemed to indicate it,' resulting in a mortality of 17 percent. Since 1885 he had treated 700 additional cases under similar circumstances without alcohol, with a mortality of 11 percent.

Dr. J. J. Ridge reported about the same time 200 scarlet fever cases treated in Enfield Isolation Hospital without alcohol, and with 2.5 percent mortality, while other hospitals, under the Metropolitan Asylums Board, the mortality with ordinary alcoholic treatment was 6.3 percent.

Dr. Gardner, of Glasgow, some thirty years ago, quoted 12 percent as the mortality of fever patients in that city treated by him without alcohol, as against 25 percent of similar cases treated by others with alcohol.

In 1890 Dr. Nathan S. Davis, of Chicago, for years a leading figure in the American Medical Associations, gave comparative statistics between the deathrate in Mercy Hospital, Chicago, for a term of years during which no alcohol was used in the treatment, in two diseases, typhoid and pneumonia. In Mercy Hospital the mortality in typhoid was only 5 percent; in Cook County Hospital the mortality in typhoid for 1889 was 17 percent; in Cincinnati Hospital for 1886 it was 16 percent; in Garfield Memorial Hospital for 1889 it was 22 percent.

In pneumonia, the Mercy Hospital showed a deathrate of only 12 percent, while in the Pennsylvania Hospital for 1884-1886 it was 34 percent; the Massachusetts General Hospital between 1822-1889, comprising 1,000 cases, 25 percent; the Cincinnati Hospital shewed in 1886 38 percent; the Cook County Hospital for 1889 shewed 36 percent.

It would be beyond our purpose to further enlarge on this mass of testimony. The literature on the subject is now quite extensive, and those who wish to inform themselves in detail on the various phases of the question, can find material of a very forcible kind with very little trouble. It is always well to keep in mind that a few facts like these, thoroughly known and carefully quoted, is worth to an alert and enquiring mind any amount of general information and unsupported statements.

The Gold Competition Award.

The competition giving $200.00 in gold to the one remitting the largest number of subscriptions closed May 31st.

Mr. D. C. McDonald heads the list having remitted $179.40 (net) nearly twice as much as the next largest competitor.

Mr. McDonald in addition secured one of the weekly prizes of ten dollars awarded in December last and a liberal commission on each subscription remitted.

The payment of the two hundred dollars in gold will be held over for two weeks in case of the miscarriage of the remittance from any other competitors during the competition, and also to give the winner time to consider whether he will select one of the prizes or the cash itself.

Fitting Names.

'Many a true word is spoken in jest.' Standing the other day near the entrance of the saloon at a large hotel at the seaside, we saw several young men pass in. As they stood at the bar, one said to another, with a smile: 'Nominate your poison!' He had said a terribly true thing in joke. Yes, name your poison—just the word! And they swallowed the poison and went their way. Soon another party went in. Said the leader to his companion, as they learned against the slab, 'What is your family trouble?'—meaning 'What will you drink?' 'Family trouble!'—rightly named; for what has made such domestic misery as liquor? And we walked away, feeling that we had learned two new and strikingly appropriate names for liquor: 'poison' and 'family trouble.'—Selected.

Your Own Paper Free.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers may have their own subscriptions extended one year, free of charge, by remitting eighty cents for two new subscriptions.

HOUSEHOLD.

'No Time to Pray!'

'No time to pray!'
Oh, who so fraught with earthly care
As not to give to humble prayer
Some part of day?

'No time to pray!'
'Mid each day's dangers, what retreat
More needful than the mercy-seat?
Who need not pray?

'No time to pray!'
Must care or business' urgent call
So press us as to take it all,
Each passing day?

What thought more drear
Than that our God his face should hide,
And say, through all life's swelling tide,
'No time to hear!'

—Selected.

On Water-drinking.

A beginning of much trouble lies in the fact that people do not drink enough water. They pour down tumblerfuls of ice water as an accompaniment to a meal, but that is worse than no water, the chill preventing digestion, and indigestion being an indirect promoter of disease. A tumbler of water sipped in the morning immediately on rising, another at night, are recommended by physicians. Try to drink as little water as possible with meals, but take a glassful half an hour before eating. This rule persisted in day after day, month after month, the complexion will improve, and the general health likewise. Water drunk with meals should be sipped, as well as taken sparingly.

Ice water ought never to be drunk with one's meals, and as little as possible between meals. One never knows what is being taken into the stomach in water filled with chipped ice. Better fill bottles with water and allow them to stand beside ice to chill until required. Ice water, poured hastily down the throat, reduces the temperature of the stomach, and it takes more than half an hour to recover the heat it has lost. Cold water, slowly sipped, will not be followed by such a result, cooling the system pleasantly in hot weather without chilling the glands of the stomach so that digestion cannot take place.

In some cases, where the hot water cure for indigestion is used with discretion, there is really much benefit from it. When hot water is taken to excess, often at such a temperature as to scald the tongue and palate in drinking it, instead of curing indigestion it will make it worse.

There are certain tests of water which even the woman without the smallest knowledge of chemistry can make. She may pour a pint into a perfectly clean bottle, cork it securely, and allow it to stand five or six hours. Instantly on withdrawing the cork smell the contents; if it has an unpleasant odor, no matter how faint, beware; or fill a four-ounce bottle with water and into it drop a bit of alum the size of a coffee bean. Let it stand over night. You may judge of the purity of the water by the sediment deposited at the bottom of the bottle in the morning. These simple tests, of course, do not detect all kinds of impurities.

The roomy country houses built a century ago, which appeal to a searcher after a summer boarding place, unless modernized, are apt to be the very places which may have a deadly disease record. Our forefathers knew little about the laws of sanitation, and when laying out their homesteads were apt to plan first the site of the house, then the barns and outhouses; last of all they dug a well in the spot most convenient to the kitchen door. Many a time it might be a spring on a side hill down which drained the sewage from the house and barns. Vegetable decomposition in water may be unpleasant, but not dangerous; animal decomposition is drunk at the peril of one's life. The chief jeopardy is that frequently the most polluted water is clear as crystal, sweet and sparkling. Look well to the situation of a well where you plan to sojourn. If it is at a safe distance from the stables and outhouses, on a level with them, and is sheltered from outdoor contamination, it is fairly certain to contain healthful water. You can frequently guess at its safety by considering the vegetation about it. Patches of brilliant green grass or lusty weeds might indicate ground enriched by barn sewage. On level ground a well ought never to be nearer stables, pigsties, outhouses or a dwelling than sixty feet; if on an incline, two hundred feet. Wells should be covered always; if not it does not take long for them to accumulate decaying vegetable matter, dead and living reptiles, and all sorts of filth. The water above the filth may be of crystal clearness.

'I fancy hard drinks have more to answer for in a case of hardened arteries than hard water,' says a physician. 'I'll confess I would rather drink hard water than wash in it. The human body requires lime. We find it in meat, vegetables and many of our foods. If a child were to have its lime supply cut off by boiling the water, a process which precipitates lime, as every housewife knows who has tried to keep the inside of a teakettle clean, it would grow up rickety of limb, pale and without stamina. I should boil water for drinking which I knew to be impure, but not to get rid of the lime in it. Indeed, hard water is often prescribed for rickety children.' —'Good Housekeeping.'

Flies and Ants.

Equal parts of oil of lavender placed in small dishes about a room will, it is said, keep away flies, as they dislike it. It may also be sprayed with an atomizer all over the room even on the tablecloth, for it will do no harm, and makes the air in the room very agreeable. To rid the house of ants, put tar paper under the regular shelf paper in closets.

Selected Recipes.

Chicken, Cuban Style.—Cut up chicken as for a fricasee. Dry each piece and dip in beaten egg and roll in cracker dust; season with pepper and salt and fry each piece very brown in half butter and half lard. When nicely browned add a cup of hot water, cover and simmer half an hour. Then take out chicken and put on plate in warming oven. Have ready a bowl of rice cooked in the following manner: One cup of rice washed in several waters—the more the better—when well washed pour over it two quarts of hissing hot water, add one teaspoonful pure sweet lard, two scant teaspoonfuls of salt. Let it boil rapidly for fifteen minutes, or until tender; some rice takes a few minutes longer. Stir but once through coarse sieve; put it into the frying-pan liquid, which the chicken had simmered in, add two tomatoes (canned or fresh) chopped fine, a chile pepper, also chopped fine. Toss all together lightly with a fork. Pile in the centre of platter and lay around it the pieces of fried chicken. Garnish with parsley.—Chicago 'Herald.'

Tapioca Cream—Soak two tablespoonfuls of tapioca in a pint of cold water for two hours. Make a cream with the yolks of two eggs and a pint of milk; add the tapioca, with sugar and vanilla flavoring to taste, and boil till the tapioca is tender. When cooled a little, stir in the whites of two eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Serve in a glass dish. This goes very well with stewed fruit.

Cromer Puding.—Required: Six ounces of flour, six ounces of stoned raisins, six ounces of sugar, four ounces of finely chopped suet, and one large tablesponful of marmalade. Mix with half-teaspoonful of carbonate of soda in half a cupful of milk. Boil for three hours.

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